

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

TO A PLAYMATE

(A Night Song)

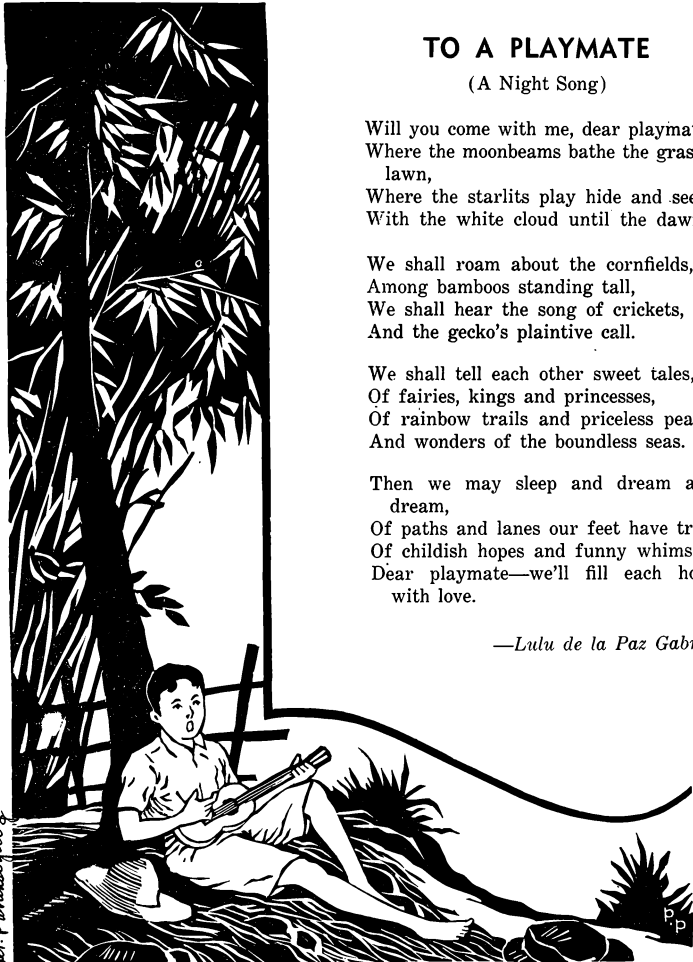
Will you come with me, dear playmate,
Where the moonbeams bathe the grassy
lawn,
Where the starlits play hide and seek.
With the white cloud until the dawn?

We shall roam about the cornfields,
Among bamboos standing tall,
We shall hear the song of crickets,
And the gecko's plaintive call.

We shall tell each other sweet tales,
Of fairies, kings and princesses,
Of rainbow trails and priceless pearls
And wonders of the boundless seas.

Then we may sleep and dream and
dream,
Of paths and lanes our feet have trod,
Of childish hopes and funny whims,
Dear playmate—we'll fill each hour
with love.

—Lulu de la Paz Gabriel



LITTLE STORIES

By Aunt



A big red cock lived on a farm. His feathers were the brightest, his spurs, the sharpest, and his voice, the loudest of all the cocks. But he was especially proud of his fiery comb that stood out straight on his head.

When his "Kok-ko-ko-ok!" rang from the house top, the hens came out.

"Kok-ko-ko-ok!" they answered in a thin voice. "We are all here."

But the other cocks scampered out of the yard into the field. They were afraid of the big red cock. They had seen several of their companions killed outright when they tried to fight the master of the poultry yard. Those spurs of his were long and sharp, and, when he struck, his stab was sure.

The Cock that

One morning the cock awoke feeling very strong. He wanted to fight. "Kok-ko-ko-ok! Kok-ko-ko-ok! Come out here, all you soft-combed cocks."

But no cock would come out. All the young cocks had hidden themselves under the bushes. Every challenging cry of the big red cock sent a shiver through their necks down to their bodies and up to the ends of their feathers.

"Should we not be ashamed of ourselves to run away from that bully?" asked a young cock of his companions.

"What else could we do?" the rest asked in a chorus.

"He is proud because of his beautiful comb," the young cock mused, "and he is brave because of his long spurs."

"Friends," he said aloud, "something must be done."

"Yes, Yes," the others agreed. "Go ahead and do it."

That night the little cock peeped into the big cock's roost. He saw the big cock take off his comb carefully. He washed it and stroked it until it became redder and harder. Then he laid it on a shelf and went to sleep.

FOR LITTLE PEOLPE

Julia

Lost His Comb

In the morning when the big cock awoke, he stretched his legs and flapped his wings. When he went to the shelf for his comb, it was not there. He looked into every corner but the comb was nowhere to be found. He would not inquire, for he did not want the others to know about his misfortune.

Besides, he must fly to the housetop to sound his morning call to the chickens of the farmyard. He crowed loud and long. Cackling merrily the hens came out and looked up at their lord. They were about to start crowing in reply to the call when they all stopped at once. They blinked their eyes and tilted their heads to get a better view of the big cock on the housetop. Then they looked down and began to scratch for their breakfast. All the young cocks came trooping in. They glanced bravely up at the big cock and then crowed their loudest, a thing they had never done before. Choking with rage, the lord of the fowls shook his wattles threateningly and threw up his head to display his blood-red comb. Then he remembered that he had no comb at all!

"Ah, false hens," he muttered bitterly, "so it is my comb that you care for.

I must find it."

The big red cock, the lord of the poultry yard, flew down from his perch and skulked out into the bushes.

"I must find my comb," he said. "Who could be the rogue that stole it?"

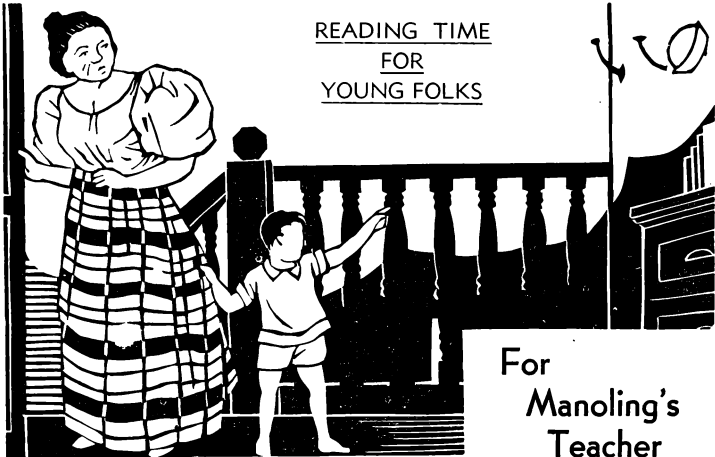
He would not ask the hens. He would not ask the other cocks. He wanted to go to the owl for advice but the owl could not be disturbed in the daytime.

"I must get back my comb," he repeated. "Without my comb, I have no power. The hens are indifferent to me. The impudent cocks even dare look at me.

Just then he heard the splash of mud. Looking back, he saw the sire of all the pigs on the farm. Old Snout was taking a luxurious bath in a deep mudhole. Old Snout was an unrefined beast but not a snob. Neither was he ambitious. He did not aspire to rule the farm animals. So the cock thought his pride would not suffer if he asked the pig for help.

(To be continued next month.)





For Manoling's Teacher

"**L**OLA, please give me my cap," Manoling said pulling his grandmother by the skirt.

"Why, where are you going?"

"To school. My cap, quick. I will be late."

"To school? You? You are not yet four." Big Sister laughed.

"Yes. Yes. See, I have 'flowen' for my 'teachen.'"

"And who is your teacher?" Lola asked.

"My 'teachen' is beautiful. I shall give her some 'flowen,'" Manoling boasted.

Father came in. "Come, Manoling, we shall take a bath."

"I don't want a bath!" The boy cried running to his grandmother.

Father picked up a slipper. "See this? This is for the boy who will not take a bath. Come."

"I don't want a bath," Manoling repeated. "I am going to my 'teachen.'" He mumbled burying his head in Lola's lap.

Mother got up and reached for Manoling's cap.

"Manoling, here is your cap. Aren't you going to school?"

"Yes, Mother, but I do not want a bath," he answered raising his head a little.

"Your teacher will like your cap, but she does not like dirty children," Mother said very gently.

"Am I dirty, Mother?" Manoling stood up.

"Yes, dear, because you have been making mudcakes. You will be very clean and sweet after the bath."

Manoling offered his hand to his mother and allowed himself to be led to the bathroom.

ENLARGE YOUR VOCABULARY

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS *

I. Fill the blanks with words from the right-hand column.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. A — sells sugar, coffee, and other food-stuffs. | carpenter |
| 2. A — makes man's suit. | fireman |
| 3. A — carries letters from house to house. | grocer |
| 4. A — sells meat. | plumber |
| 5. A — repairs water pipes and water closets. | butcher |
| 6. A — drives autos and trucks. | farmer |
| 7. A — prepares bread, pastry, etc. | chauffeur |
| 8. A — builds houses. | postman |
| 9. A — plants rice, corn, etc. | tailor |
| 10. A — puts out fires. | baker |

- | |
|--------------------------|
| 1. baker —, —, — |
| 2. tailor —, —, — |
| 3. postman — |
| 4. chauffeur — |
| 5. farmer —, —, — |
| 6. butcher —, —, — |
| 7. plumber —, — |
| 8. grocer —, — |
| 9. fireman —, — |
| 10. carpenter —, —, —, — |

III. Something to do

From old magazines and papers cut pictures of the above persons and the things they use. Paste them in your vocabulary booklet. Label them properly.

ANSWERS

Ex. I

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. grocer | 6. chauffeur |
| 2. tailor | 7. baker |
| 3. postman | 8. carpenter |
| 4. butcher | 9. farmer |
| 5. plumber | 10. fireman |

Ex. II

- measuring cup, rolling pin, bowl
- tape measure, scissors, thimble
- bag
- jack
- plow, tractor, harrow
- knife, chopping board, apron
- monkey wrench, water pipes
- weights, cash register
- hose, ladder
- plane, saw, hammer, chisel

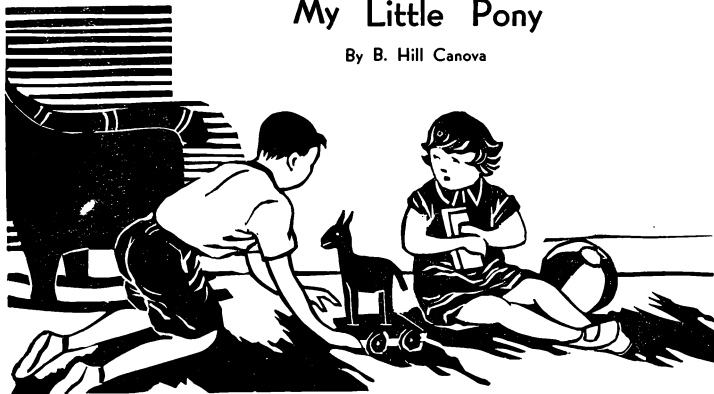
II. Below is a list of the things used by the persons enumerated below. Select the things used by each and write them on the blanks.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| knife | saw |
| tape measure | hammer |
| measuring cap | hose |
| monkey wrench | weights |
| plane | chopping board |
| plow | harrow |
| scissors | thimble |
| bag | rolling pin |
| jack | apron |
| bowl | ladder |
| water pipes | chisel |
| tractor | cash register |

* Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

My Little Pony

By B. Hill Canova



LORENZO wanted a pony. He wanted it so badly that he talked about it all day. Even in his sleep one night he was heard to say, "My little pony, good little pony." He was only eight years old and his parents thought he was a bit too young to manage a pony. So they tried to interest him in something else.

One day a dog and pony show came to town. The father took the children to see it. Lorenzo's brother, Pepe, and his sister, Anita, enjoyed the clowns, dogs, ponies, and all parts of the program. Lorenzo saw only the ponies. He wanted one so badly that he simply sighed and groaned as he leaned against his father. "Daddy," he whispered, "couldn't I have one like those?"

By and by a black and white pony trotted in the circle. Lorenzo jumped straight up in his seat and shouted out loud, "That one, Daddy, that one! Oh,

he is so wonderful."

"Sh-s-s," scolded Pepe and pulled his little brother down to his seat.

"The show people would not sell their trained ponies, but when you are a little older I'll look for a real nice one for you."

That was not much comfort to Lorenzo. He wanted that particular black and white pony, and he wanted it now. When they reached home that evening all three of the children started at the same time to tell their mother what they had seen. Pepe had enjoyed the clowns most. Anita insisted, "The dogs were the nicest."

"No, no," corrected Lorenzo, "the ponies. The one black and white one was so pretty. Oh! mother, if only I could have it. Don't you think the show man would sell it if Daddy offered him plenty of money?"

"I doubt it."

"You ask daddy to go tomorrow and ask the show man."

"They will probably be gone by morning."

"If only I could have that one," moaned Lorenzo, "I would . . ."

"Just what would you do if you had it?" asked his mother.

"Oh, anything, mother, anything, if only I had it."

"Would you stop teasing Anita?"

"Yes, I'd never, never call her 'Pug Nose,' or hide her doll or thump her on the ear, or anything. I'd be such a good boy all my life."

"It would be worth a half dozen ponies if something could be found to stop him of that naughty teasing," thought the mother to herself.

That put Lorenzo to thinking. The next morning he told his father, "Daddy if you will buy a pony for me I'll be such a good boy and never tease Anita again, ever, ever," he emphasized.

"Very well, that is a bargain. I can't buy the show pony, but when you

stop teasing Anita for three weeks then I'll start looking for a really nice pony."

Lorenzo left the room and his father heard him call, "Anita do you want to play with my ball?"

"The boy has a very firm resolution in his head right now to be nice to Anita," said the father to the mother.

"Yes, but I am afraid it will not last very long. This teasing has become such a habit with him."

"He might fool us. He is in dead earnest about wanting a pony. He nearly lost his wits over them at the show yesterday."

"Peace between Lorenzo and Anita would certainly add harmony to the household," continued the mother.

The days that followed Lorenzo was very kind to his little sister. He gave her first choice in everything and helped her to do her chores. When he felt tempted to tease her he would pinch himself and do something nice for her.

The parents watched this change in their little boy but thought it best to say nothing. Lorenzo said nothing more to them about the pony, until one day he asked, "Daddy, how many weeks has it been since we saw the dog and pony show?"

"Two weeks," was the reply.

Lorenzo went out and joined his little sister, who was playing under the window. The father heard him say to the little girl, "You know, Anita, next week when Daddy gets me a pony I am going to let you have the first ride."

"When Daddy gets you a pony?" asked Anita in surprise.

"Yes, next week Daddy is going to find a pony for me."

(Please turn to page 65)



GRADE ONE

Finish these sentences. Choose the words from this list: clothes, vegetables, outdoors, milk, coffee.

1. A healthy boy or girl eats ____.
2. A healthy boy or girl drinks ____.
3. A healthy boy or girl plays ____.

The Good Re

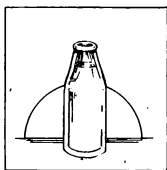
Conducted by M

4. A healthy boy or girl wears clean ____.

Choose the correct name for the picture:



healthy girl
healthy boy
hearty meal



box of meal
bottle of medicine
bottle of milk



playing in the house
playing outdoors
playing indoors.

GRADE TWO

Open your Philippine Readers on pages 34, 35 and 36.

Write down words beginning with the following letters:

Examples: Work here:

b c h l

1. bamboo _____ _____ _____
2. basket _____ _____ _____

*Assistant Principal, G. del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

3. babies _____ _____ _____

4. brook _____ _____ _____

5. bills _____ _____ _____

GRADE THREE

Copy the word in parenthesis which belongs to the first word of each list:

book (horse, cow, page, rabbit)

doll (fruit, animal, person, toy)

broom (write, sweep, roll, read)

fish (swine, cry, swim, bell)

Readers' Corner
Miss Dolores Silos'

GRADE FOUR

1. The night before Christmas is called (Christmas Eve, New Year, Holiday).
2. New Year's Day is on (December 25, January 1, December 24).
3. St. Valentine's Day falls on (December 28, February 14, May 24).
4. Innocence Day is on (November 1, August 13, December 28).
5. The Commonwealth anniversary is celebrated on (July 4, Nov. 30, Nov. 15).

GRADE FIVE

Supply the opposites:

1. Father went to work.
_____ stayed at home.
2. Your sister goes to school early.
My brother comes home _____.
3. The little girl was crying.
The big boy was _____.
4. Grandma is fast asleep.
Grandpa is wide _____.

GRADE SIX

Choose a word in the list that is often confused with the one italicized:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Boats sail in it. | <i>List</i> |
| Ships sail in it, too. | mango |
| It is a big body of water. | |
| It is a <i>sea</i> . _____ | basket |
| 2. You think with it. | she |
| You put your hat on it. | |
| It is your <i>head</i> . _____ | table |
| 3. It is tall. | |
| It has leaves. | |
| It has flowers. | three |
| It has many branches. | |
| It is a <i>tree</i> . _____ | home |
| 4. It is an animal. | |
| It lays eggs. | had |
| It says cluck, cluck. | |
| It is a <i>hen</i> . _____ | hand |

GRADE SEVEN

1. Jose goes somewhere everyday. He carries a bag where he puts books, pencils, paper, and crayons. What is he? Tell many things about what he does.

2. One day a boy went to the beach to take a bath. He enjoyed swimming so he swam and swam. He did not know the water was getting _____. What happened?

(Turn to page 70 for the answers)

CHARACTER EDU

VACATION

MISS DOLORES



Scene—In the schoolroom

(A group of girls are happily conversing. Fe who has just arrived joins the group.)

Fe—Hello, girls, you all look glad and excited. What is the big news of the day?

Corazon—O, Fe, we are all happy because we are eagerly looking forward to the enjoyments we shall have this vacation.

Consolacion—Yes, vacation is fast approaching and we have been discussing as to how we shall spend it.

Pilar—We have built such wonderful air castles that we feel as if we could hardly wait for vacation to come.

Fe—It's fun to build air castles but be sure they are strong enough, otherwise, you'll be disappointed if they crumble to ruins.

Loreto—You should have heard our plans, Fe.

Fe—Well, I suppose, it is not yet too late to know them. May I not hear your vacation plans?

Corazon—Let me begin then. You see, mother and I will go up to Baguio immediately after the closing of school. Father is working there and he wants us to spend the entire vacation with him.

Fe—That's wonderful.

Corazon—At last my long-time dream of

seeing the summer capital, with its cool breeze, world famous terraces, majestic pine trees, and quaint Igorots, will be realized.

Fe—You have every reason to long for vacation. How about you, Consolacion?

Consolacion—I shall go to my grandmother's home in Tayabas. My cousins there assure me of a jolly time throughout vacation. They say that we shall go fishing, boat riding, hiking, and picnicking. Oh, I can almost picture the fun we shall have. Grandpa says that I can have as much young coconuts as I desire, but what I long most to experience is riding in a cart pulled by a carabao. Don't you think that would be fun?

Fe—Well, well, I should say you will indeed have a thrilling time. How about you, Pilar? I understand that you have no relatives in the province, am I right?

Pilar—You are right. I won't go to the province, and so with Loreto and Rizalina, but even then, we have made plans to make the most of our vacation in the city, haven't we, girls?

Rizalina—Of course, we have. Loreto, please tell them about our agreement.

Loreto—Well, girls, we three have decided to play every afternoon in the Dapitan Park, which is very near our homes. Every Saturday we shall go to Pilar's home and put to a test our cooking ability by preparing some delicacies. Then we shall invite some of our close friends and enjoy by having programs. Every Sunday we shall go to the Luneta and afterwards to the show.

Fe—That's equally interesting. I hope you'll enjoy just as much as Consolacion and Corazon. How does our quiet candidate for valedictorian, Lourdes, intend to spend her vacation?

^o Teacher, Washington Elementary School.

CATION SECTION

PLANS

TENSUAN *

Girls—O, she hasn't told us her plans.

Fe—Always the silent Lourdes, isn't she?

Corazon—I'm sure she will give us an idea of her air castles, won't you, Lourdes?

Pilar—Yes, Lourdes, do tell us something.

Lourdes—There is nothing wonderful and exciting in my plans, because I have to stay home most of the time.

Rizalina—Why, Lourdes, didn't you tell me a week ago that your cousins in Manila are inviting you to stay with them during vacation?

Lourdes—Yes, but I declined their invitation, much as I desire to experience life in the province.

Pilar—But why did you decline it? Imagine how silly it is of you to give up such a rare opportunity. What is the cause? Does your mother not want to permit you?

Lourdes—Far from it. Mother, is in fact, very eager that I go there and enjoy.

Corazon—Why then, don't you go? I can't understand you at all. You are a puzzle, aren't you?

Lourdes—Not at all. You see, the reason is this. I feel that it is my duty to help my mother do the household work during vacation. We have no maid and throughout the school year mother does all the marketing, cooking, cleaning, washing, and ironing of clothes, taking care of the babies, and a thousand and one other chores in the home. She has never complained of her work, but I can see and feel that her health is failing. I have made a firm resolution to relieve her of most, if not all, of the work this vacation. She deserves a good rest, don't you think so?

Fe—Lourdes, I'm very glad to hear your noble plans of helping your mother. We have similar projects. I'll not only help mother in the



household work but I'll try my best to earn some money by sewing baby dresses. We are poor and I realized only too well that mother has much difficulty in trying to make both ends of our meager income meet. I'll be saving her a lot of worry if I earn enough to pay for my matriculation and book rentals.

Pilar—Well, girls, isn't it a shame that while we have planned of nothing else except personal recreation and enjoyment, Fe and Lourdes have planned just the reverse?

Rizalina—Certainly. When I heard their noble plans, I feel as if I can't go on keeping up with our worthless agreement. I realize, that I, too, must help my mother.

Loreto—You said it, Rizalina. Our plans are really selfish ones. We have thought of nothing but fun and pleasure for ourselves but we have not thought of our mothers. Let us give up what we planned.

Rizalina and Pilar—Agreed, Loreto.

Consolacion—Girls, you surely opened my eyes. I believe that is the very reason, mother seems a little bit sad, every time I rave about the glorious time I shall have with grandma during vacation. Perhaps she wishes me to stay and help her, but she is too kind, too considerate, and too loving to disappoint me. Now that you have awakened my sleeping mind, nothing ever can induce me to leave poor mother. No, Sir, not even the jolliest boat ride and carloads of young coconuts can make me go to Tayabas.

(Please turn to page 69)

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH



Have you ever been so happy that you sang and danced and saw beauty in everything? If you are truly thankful to God for the things that you get, you should always be happy. Even if you are poor, you possess something to be glad about.

Read the little poem by Christina Rossetti. What kind of girl is the poet talking about? Name the different things she does which shows that she is happy. Read the last stanza carefully. Is she rich? If she were a princess, would she be any happier?

Read the poem aloud several times, remembering the pictures in order. Now, try to recite it without looking.

HAPPY LITTLE ALICE

By Christina Rossetti

Dancing on the hilltops,
Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins

In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage

Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hill-tops
And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
Happy little Alice.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz*



CAMPING

(The "out" in Scouting)

"A Scout walks through the woods with silent tread. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts."

That is the "out" in Scouting.—Camping! One cannot read the above paragraph without feeling a sudden thrill pulsating in his veins. It depicts the inner program for which the Boy Scout Movement stands.

The month of March is come. Vacation is but a matter of thirty days away. What are your plans? What is the plan of every real Boy Scout?

Camping! The mere word, in itself, possesses an indefinable lure. It is the call of Nature, the call of the open camp-fire.

Scouting is not simply the passing of tests and the impressive investiture ceremonies. It has a greater "it," a greater attraction. Every boy of Scout age must have read of the wonderful stories about the heroic pioneers of the past of their glorious deeds and achievements, of their thrilling adventures in the open, of their life of incessant struggles. And as he reads these stories, the eyes of the boy kindle with an enthusiastic gleam, his bosom heaves violently in rhythm with the ominous beats of the tomtom, his entire body quivers with excitement. Scoutmasters, here is a challenge to your leadership!

Vacation time is come,—a deviation from the hum-drum of school-life, a departure from city standards. It is a time for planning and also, it is a time for carrying out those plans. Give

your boys a real "treat." Do you remember how your own heart used to beat tumultuously in answer to the call of the roaring camp fire? Do you remember the varied and useful experiences? Do you remember the thrills that you felt?

The Camping Program heralds forth a thunderous answer to the roving instinct of the boy. It offers great opportunities to the leader as well as to the boys that he leads. It gives each and every Scout the chance to execute whatever he has learned in Scouting. At the same time, it affords him the wild, care-free life in the out-of-doors, which has always been the subject of his dreams in school.

Aside, however, from training the Scout in the different phases of Scoutcraft, and from giving him a chance to realize his ideals of adventure, the Camp site serves as the training ground of a future citizen of the nation. It is the place where his useful traits are developed. Coupled with a guiding hand and lofty ideals, the Camp Fire,—kindled by brotherly love—warms, cooks, and finally, produces the finished product,—a citizen! From a weak, helpless boy of twelve emerges a Scout,—self-reliant, resourceful, cooperative,—a real boy, as deserving and as dependable as any citizen of today.

It will require much of the organizing and executive ability of a Scout leader in order to carry out successfully a camping expedition. Knowledge about the methods of dealing with boys and the method of learning to like them and of making them like you in return,—that is also an essential asset of the Camp Leader.

Very many parents are apprehensive over sending
(Continued on page 71)

* Manager, Publicity Department, Philippine Council, B. S. A.

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from



THE river, now that it was about to enter the sea, was deep and quiet, and had only a moderate current. The boys, although they did not know it, were about thirty miles north of Pablo's home on a part of the seacoast that was very thinly populated.

While they were still about a fourth of a mile from the road, which at that point ran along the shore, they followed their path around a curve and found themselves face to face with a group of Moros!

These Moros wore exceedingly tight trousers and red fezzes, except for one who wore a fringed turban to show that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and should be addressed as *Hadji*. In their belts were Kris of striking design.

Some of them were on the shore, the others in their *vintas*, or outrigger canoes, in which they had sailed up from the Sulu Islands.

These Moros are often called Sea Gypsies, because they live mainly on the water. Most of the year they had spent in their boats in the channels of the swamps of southern Mindanao and the Sulu Islands in quest of *casalote* bark,

which is used in the manufacture of tuba. Now that the weather was settled and calm they had sailed northwards to sell this bark. And under the bark they carried something more precious—cans of opium that had been smuggled up from Borneo.

These Moros were now very happy, for they had sold the last of their valuable cargo. They had much money and were ready to start home.

But their ancestors were pirates, and they still have the instincts of pirates. So when they saw the boys, one of them said in their own language, "Let's catch those boys! They don't look as if they belong to anyone."

"Your suggestion is good," replied another. "My grandfather was stolen as a boy from this very coast."

"We will gain the favor of Allah by converting them to the True Faith," said the *Hadji*, "We will do them the favor of saving their souls, and we will get us some slaves. It is all good. After we catch them, we will gamble to see which of us will get them."

So they started after the boys looking very fierce and blood-thirsty. Pablo and Ulan sprinted away along the path as fast as they could go. Their muscles were hard and firm; and they could run faster than the Moros, whose muscles

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

(the February issue)

were flabby from sitting so constantly in their boats.

As soon as they had gained a lead of a hundred yards on the Moros, Ulan pulled Pablo into the forest, and led the way as fast as he could in spite of the thick vegetation. Their pursuers also left the path and turned into the jungle, but the boys were getting a little farther head.

Soon they reached a cliff and started to skirt its base. They had gone along it only a short way when Pablo stumbled and tried to keep from falling by catching a vine and throwing his weight against the side of the

cliff. But, greatly to his surprise, he fell through the vines right into the cliff, or, as it turned out to be, into the entrance to a hole or cave in the cliff. Ulan heard the fall, quickly jumped in after Pablo, and with lightning speed rearranged the vines over the entrance so skillfully that no one would imagine there was anything but solid stone behind them.

Just then the Moros, panting, passed so close to them that they could almost

have stretched out their arms and touched them. The boys crouched, holding their breath until after the Moros had passed, then relaxed and looked about them.

They were in a small, uninteresting looking cave. By the dim light filtering through the vines they could see what appeared to be a hole in the far end.

Pablo, always inquisitive, just had to explore this hole. When he had groped his way into it only a few yards, there was a great squeaking and fluttering, and he suddenly emerged.

"It's just bats," he said to Ulan, a little angry with himself for having been so startled. "But I can just barely see a little coming from the other end of this hole, and the hole is bigger after you once get into

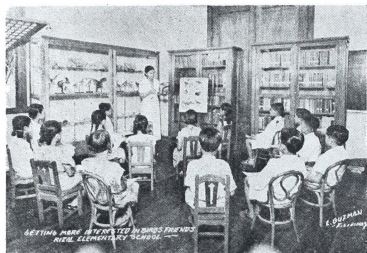
it. Perhaps there is another way out. Come on and let's see."

So the two boys started into the hole, which promptly became quite a passageway. They felt carefully ahead of them before taking each step for fear that they might fall into a hole or chasm. On their left they felt rather than saw a large high cavern opening onto their passageway, and from some place within it they heard the trickle



PICTO

RIZAL ELEMENTARY
MANILA



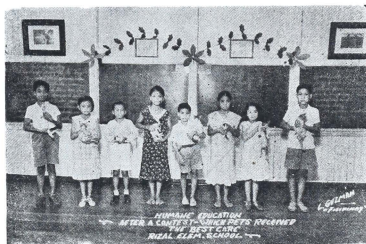
Getting more interested in
birds



At the school lunch counter



Dancing



Learning to care for pets

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

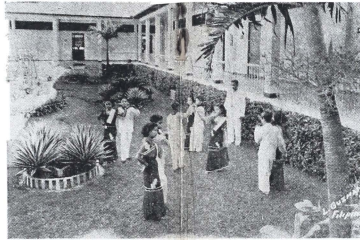
PICTORIAL

RIZAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
MANILA

Getting more interested in
birds



A Class in Library Science



Dancing the "Surtido"

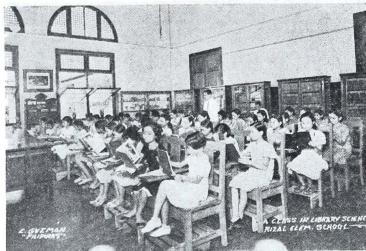
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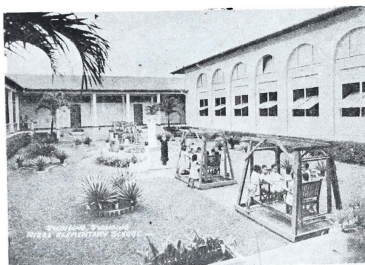
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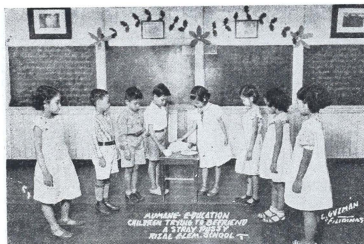
A Class in Library Science



he "Surtido"



Recreation hour



Children trying to befriend a stray pussy cat.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIS EARTH OF OURS



LIGHTNING

You have read how our earth sometimes has bad weather. Then there is rain or a storm. During a storm have you ever closed your eyes and covered your ears as the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled?

Lightning is a form of electricity just like the current that gives us light at home. It was a man named Benjamin Franklin who proved lightning was electricity by sending up a kite made of silk and wire with a key at the end during a thunderstorm. Franklin touched the key and drew a spark which he proved to be electricity.

The light which we see when the electricity passes from heaven to earth is caused by the intense heat of friction which makes the air luminous. The great heat of the lightning makes the air through which it passes expand very quickly. This causes what we might call, "a hole in the air." The surrounding air rushes in to fill the space and this disturbance of the air makes the noise we call thunder.

AUNT JULIA'S

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

THE CRICKET'S CAVE

When you hear a cricket singing somewhere far away. I know you say to yourself that he is idling his time instead of storing food like the busy ant. But the cricket is a happy creature and perhaps has a saying like ours in Tagalog, *Bahala na!* It is strange to think of this singing creature as living in a dark cave. This little black musician builds the doorway to his cave between two small stones. Inside there is a narrow tunnel where he lives. When the sun is bright Mr. Cricket stands at his doorway, his wings lifted a little and when he scrapes one against the other he makes a pleasant sound.

Mrs. Cricket does not always stay inside her cave. There is no music to her wings because she has other things to do. She goes out when the sun is high and searches for a soft, dry spot.

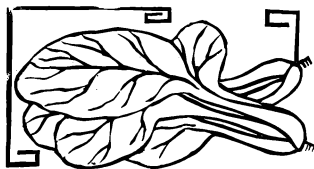


At the tip of her body is a long, slender thing that looks like a black needle. This is the tool she uses when she lays her eggs. She thrusts it into the soft ground and leaves some eggs hidden there. Then she rakes the place with her jaws, pats it until there is no mark to show where her eggs are hidden. Then she goes to her cave which is also a narrow tunnel, the doorway of which is between two stems of grass.

TRUE STORIES

PLANTS ABOUT US

LEAVES AND THEIR USES



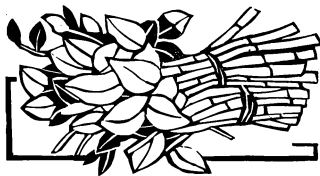
Are you fond of eating leaves? Perhaps you think of a goat or a carabao but you forget your fresh *lumpia* and the *sinigang* that your mother cooks. Leaves help make them delicious. We eat some kinds of leaves which have great food value and help the body grow. They give color and taste to our foods. We use the lettuce for salads. The pechay, the cabbage, the young leaves of the sweet potato, *kangkong*, and squash have at one time or another been cooked with fish or meat. Ilocanos are fond of *saluyot* leaves. The leaves of the *malungay* plant are fed to nursing mothers to increase their milk. The leaves of the pepper plant improve the taste of fish and chicken. Can you think of other leaves you have used for food?

Some leaves have medicinal value. When you have stomachache boil the leaves of the *sambong* and drink it. If you have itches,

wash the sores in boiled water with guava leaves. Perhaps when you were a baby, your mother often heated a leaf of the *tuba* plant to place on your stomach before you slept. And when little brother had running ears, she heated the leaf of a *soro-soro* and squeezed it into his ears. Ask your mother or grandmother what other leaves she has used for medicine.

Leaves are also used for decoration at home. During the Christmas season, the gay poinsettia leaves help to give the home a festive air. Our windows are incomplete without the *dapo* or the *malvarosa*. In the provinces when people give parties out of doors, they use the leaves of the coconut and the banana to give them shade.

Can you think of other ways leaves have been useful to you? What do you call the leaf some women chew with betel-nut and lime? Market-sellers use the banana leaf to wrap up fish, shrimps, lard and other things they sell. We clean our tables at home with the aid of the *isis*. And most of you must live in houses



thatched with nipa leaves. Some women use papaya leaves with soap and water when they wash clothes with mildew stains.

Below is a list of plants. Give the use of their leaves: pandan, gabi, tamarind, *dahong maria*, *banaba*.

ANT WAYS

ANTS AND THEIR "COWS"

This month you will read about the food of ants and how they get them. At home you must have often noticed that "where the sugar is, there is the ant." This is because all ants like sweet things, especially sweet liquids. Their main food is in the form of nectar and honeydew. Ants get their honeydew from smaller insects called aphids that punch holes in plants with their beaks and drink plant juice. This juice helps the aphids grow and some of it is passed through their bodies in clear, colorless sweet drops which fall on leaves and on the ground. People call them honeydew.

An ant will run up to an aphid and stroke its body with its feelers; the aphid lets out a drop gently from the tip of its body. The ant licks it up greedily. Aphids are then like "cows" to ants, the ants milk them for their honeydew. Ants sometimes build little sheds or colonies of aphids on the stem of a plant. Sometimes ants carry their little "cows" in their mouths to fresh plants where there is more juice for them. There are other ants which gather the eggs of aphids from leaf-stalks of plants in October, take them into the nest and watch over them during the cold season until they are hatched in March. Then they place the young ones in the shoots of certain plants. And so they are sure of food during the following summer. Is not the ant a creature of great foresight and prudence?

The ants maintain other insects in their nests that help them in other ways. They have the small wood-louse that feeds on refuse in the

nest and so act as their janitor. A very welcome guest in their nest is a tiny, blind beetle with little tufts of hairs grouped on its back. Their hairs secrete a substance that the ants like very much and so they lick these hairs with great enjoyment. So the ants feed the beetle from their own mouths and in every way encourage it to remain with them. The ant must be a very thoughtful insect, is it not?

STUDY TEST ON "ANT WAYS"

1. Choose the best answer:

- a. What do all ants like to eat? (aphids, beetles, sweet liquids, rice).
 - b. How does the ant make the aphids secrete honeydew? (by feeding it, by stroking its body, by hatching its eggs, by devouring it).
 - c. Where does the aphid get the honeydew? (from plants, grasses, the ground, the ant).
 - d. What are "ants' cows"? (wood-louse, beetle, bees, aphids).
 - e. Which is the ants' janitor? (The aphid, the queen ant, the wood-louse, the beetle).
 - f. What does the ant get from the hairs on beetle's back? (honey dew, nectar, a substance they secrete, eggs of aphids).
2. Give three adjectives which properly describe the ant. Prove your answers.
 3. How does the ant encourage the blind beetle to stay in their nest?



SAFETY SECTION

A Skillful Swimmer

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

"Andoy has disappeared. Where could he be?" asked one of the five boys bathing in Sampilok Lake.

"He is just hiding underwater. He is our best swimmer and champion diver. He can stay long under water. What is your worry?" replied Pedrito. And the boys continued swimming, diving, and chasing one another in water. When they were about to go home, Andoy was still missing. The boys suspected something wrong. They turned pale when the horrible thought of Andoy's being drowned came into their minds. Angel, who was the biggest of them all, ran at once to some nearby houses and called for help. Three fishermen came and asked where they last saw Andoy. The boys pointed to the place.

The fishermen dived into the lake and after a long tedious search they found Andoy practically lifeless. They took him ashore and without a moment's delay administered artificial respiration. It took them a long while to revive Andoy. They brought him to a hut; gave him some hot coffee, and wrapped him in a thick blanket.

Andoy's companions were only too glad to see that he was safe. In spite of this, they still

were silent. They were so badly shocked by the accident that they didn't know what to do or say.

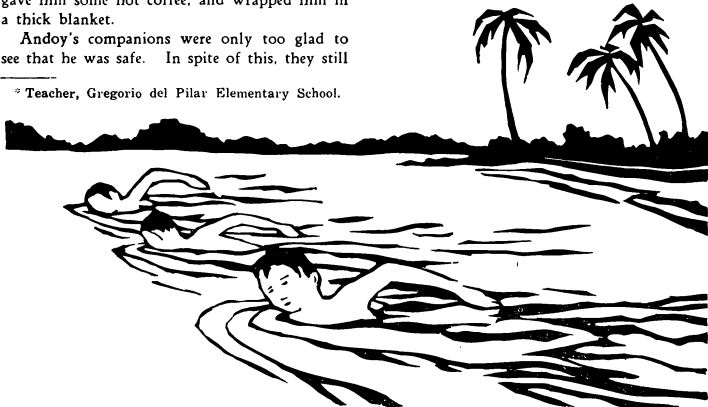
"Have you ever gone swimming in this lake before?" asked one of the fishermen.

"No, sir. This is our first time to bathe here," replied Cosme.

"Well, boys. Next time never attempt to take a bath in a place you do not know anything about. Do you see this wound?" the fisherman asked, pointing to a wound on Andoy's forehead. "In this lake there are big sharp rocks. Your friend bumped his head on one of them and lost consciousness. However skillful a swimmer you are you can not do anything when you lose consciousness."

Andoy was taken to his home when he fully came to himself again. He thanked the fishermen who saved his life and assured them that he would always remember their advice.

Do you suppose the boys ever attempted to bathe in unfamiliar swimming places again?



* Teacher, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.

HEALTH SECTION

HEALTHY MARIO

Mario was voted the healthiest boy in school. He was given by the Parent-Teacher Association a prize of . . . but before I tell you what he received, let me tell you why he deserved it.

As a baby, Mario was a little, sickly child. His arms and legs were small and soft. When he first went to school, nobody noticed him except the teacher. Before long, however, Mario started growing! Growing taller, heavier, and stronger. Last March, when he completed the primary course, he was pronounced the healthiest pupil.

When asked how he made himself grow, he answered,

"I just remembered what my first teacher taught me. Then I practiced it throughout.

"We are poor and I can-

not have plenty of milk and eggs. But I ate plenty of vegetables including the bitter *ampalaya*. I cannot have a variety of fruit but I can have bananas at every meal. Instead of meat, I eat some mongo every day. I eat it with shrimps and pork. For breakfast, I eat bread and butter and a bowl of boiled mongo with sugar and cream.

"Every afternoon when school is over, I polish the floor and rub it with coconut husk. It is fun to slide over the slippery floor. When my work is done, my mother permits me to play with other children in the backyard from five o'clock until six. I eat with a keen appetite and I sleep soundly till morning."

Can you guess what prize Mario got? It was a fine garden swing.



JOKES

Children playing visiting the dentist. Some one suddenly shouted with pain.

Teacher—What is wrong?

Jose—He pulled . . .

Teacher—That is all right. He did not mean to hurt you.

Jose—But, sir, he pulled my tongue very hard.

Teacher—Use neighbor in a sentence.

Eriberto (*sadly*)—My neighbor died last night.

Teacher—Is it true?

Eriberto—*Aba!* no sir.

Teacher—Then give us a sentence that is true.

Eriberto—My neighbor is like a phonograph.

Teacher—Why?

Eriberto—Because he shouts from morn till night.

—Do you know of anybody who hates corn?

—Yes.

—Who?

—My father.

—Why?

—Because he cannot wear his new shoes.

Paz—I can tell if Alberto is coming even if I am blindfolded.

Dolores—Impossible!

Paz—No fooling.

Dolores—How?

Paz—By his smell.

CITIZENSHIP**THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN**

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION

There was a hot discussion going on. Suggestion after suggestion was turned down by the teacher. Finally Clarita who was quietly seated near the wall timidly raised her hand.

"Clarita," called the teacher.

Slowly she stood up and thought for a moment. "I think *Zamboanga* is a good example of an unknown citizen that should be given credit."

The class was thunder-struck. *Zamboanga* to be included in the Hall of Fame for unknown citizens? That dirty, old, bald-headed beggar whom everybody mocks? That pest who annoys everyone he meets by asking for a centavo? Clarita must be fooling or she must be crazy.

After the shock was over, the class burst into laughter. Whisper of mockery filled the room. The class made fun of Clarita who was now blushing from head to foot. She looked around. There was not a friendly face at that instant. All were mocking her. With eyes beseeching for sympathy she turned to the teacher who just smiled at her. Did the teacher also think that what she had said was funny? She could bear it no longer. The hurt was more than she could endure. With a much clearer voice she silenced the class.

"There is nothing funny about what I said,—nor is there anything foolish about it. Yes, all of you know him as a dirty, bald-headed beggar who approaches everybody to ask for a centavo. That alone blinded you to realize the good he does for you and for me. Why, on his

way home he picks up all the dirty rubbish which lies on his path and carefully put it in the garbage can. Is there anyone of you who has ever thought of doing that? He runs errand for those who are in need and all he expects in return is but a centavo. He brings home firewood and things to eat for the poor people with whom he sleeps. Has anyone of you ever been as thoughtful? If you were



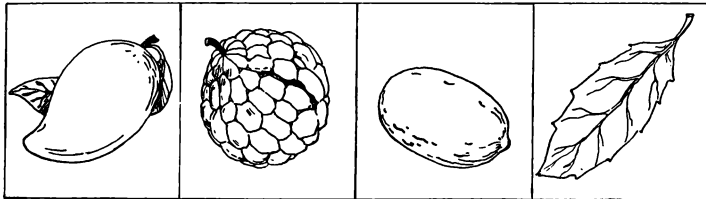
laughing at me and mocking me because of the worthy traits I admire in him, then I do not care whether you all burst laughing."

The hostile attitude of the class was changed. The room rang with whispers of approval. Finally the class pledged never to mock nor play joke on *Zamboanga*. In like manner they promised never to make fun of any old beggar

THINGS TO DO

By B. Hill Canova

Look at the pictures and the words at the bottom of the page. Select a title for each picture and write it on the line below the picture frame. Color your pictures. If you are not sure you can spell the words correctly, write them three times on the lines below the words.



Lemon

Leaf

Mango

Atis

Interesting Places

MT. MAKILING

By

FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

Have you ever stood on the top of a towering mountain with nothing to see but dense clouds above, dark blue sea on one side, mountain ranges dimly silhouetted against the distant sky on the other, and tops of tall trees on all sides?



Climb Mt. Makiling and you will be struck with awe at the sight of the beauty of nature all around you.

From the School of Forestry in Los Baños, you can make an easy ascent to this famous mountain—that is, if three or four hours' climb with all the difficulties to be encountered is easy.

Trails will direct you to the summit. However, one must not be surprised to find one's self at the starting place after hours of bending, dodging twigs and thorns in following

MY LITTLE PONY

(Continued from page 48)

"How do you know he is?"

"When Mother and Daddy promise us something we get it, don't we?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, in one more week he will look for a pony, a very nice one."

"But if he didn't promise how do you know?"

"Because when I promise to do something I do it."

"You know, Lorenzo, you are getting to be a better playmate than you used to be."

"You aren't so bad either. Maybe you were too little before."

"I am getting big now," remarked six-year-old Anita. "And you, Lorenzo, are getting very big," she said with large round eyes full of admiration and affection for her brother just two years older than herself.

Toward the end of the third

the trails, for most of them really lead back to the school of forestry.

One ought to beware of leeches should one attempt to climb, for near the summit they are on the ground, on the leaves, in the water, in fact, they are everywhere—and how they stick on your skin!

At the top is a dilapidated but full of all sorts of inscriptions either carved or written with charcoal. This serves as a rest house.

From the top, you may look up, down, and all about you and your gaze will be met with beauty and grandeur.

week the father said to the mother, "It looks as if we are going to have to buy the lad a pony. He has kept his promise to the letter."

"Yes, and the change has certainly been for the better."

That evening as Lorenzo's father read his newspaper he saw an advertisement which said: "For sale, a trained show pony at the veterinary hospital." Early the next morning he went to see about it. It seemed that the very pony Lorenzo had admired so in the show had fallen very sick just as the show people were about to leave town. They felt sure the pony could not get well so they told the doctor in charge of the hospital to let anyone have it who would pay for its hospital care. Lorenzo's father bought it at once.

The first Lorenzo knew of this was one morning just at dawn the pony put its head into the window and pulled the cover off of his new master. The little boy was so happy that he threw his arms around the pony's neck and kissed its nose and ears. He called, "Anita, get up quick and come ride the pony."

The parents were looking through the door and were pleased to see their little son so happy as he stroked the pony's neck, saying: "My little pony, good little pony, you wonderful little pony."

The animal had found a good home and Lorenzo and his little sister spent many happy days taking turns in riding and caring for the pony.

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

YOUNG WRITERS

MY PETS

I have two little orphan puppies. When they were ten days old, their mother died. Everybody in our house thought they would die, too. But I fed them milk with a spoon eight times a day. Now they catch it with their mouth. pies.

One of my puppies is white with brown ears and a long brown tail. I call him Brown Spot. The other puppy is also white but has a black star on his head and three funny black spots, like finger marks on his back. I call him Black Spot. Both of them have hair as soft as silk. These puppies of mine are both clean and neat. Every day, I bathe them with soap and water. One thing I like best in my puppies is that they know how to play many funny tricks. One of the funny tricks they sometimes play is rolling the ball and sometimes they catch it with their mouth.

Everyday when I come home from school, these puppies always meet me at the door, barking and wagging their tails as if greeting me "Good morning," or "Good afternoon," Master. How I appreciate them.

One day when I came home from school, I was surprised to see that my little puppies were not at home. I looked for them in every corner of our house, but they were not there. I cried bitterly, as if my heart would break. But do you know where they were? They were hiding inside our bookcase, because my

(Please turn to page 70)

PEN and PENCIL CIRCLE

1890 Juan Luna, Tondo
Manila, P. I.
February 19, 1937

the class? Try singing the songs to your classmates.

Sincerely yours,

Aunt Alma

Dear Aunt Alma,

It gives me a great pleasure to write to you because this magazine interests me most. I enjoy reading this magazine because it contains poems, true stories, songs, jokes, letters and other activities that interest me. When I read the jokes I always laugh. I always try the songs on our piano. How beautiful the songs are! Sometimes there are tricks and I try them, too. When I read the January issue, I read the adventures of Kiko. I learned from that adventure what happened to Kiko when he lighted the firecracker. So I was afraid to light firecrackers that New Year. With best regards to you.

San Jose, Batangas
February 27, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I wrote a letter to you because I am interested in reading "The Young Citizen." I have read your stories and poems. Our town fiesta is coming. It will be held on March 19, 1937. Will you please give me one magazine? I have many visitors and I want them to see it. Please answer my letter and put it on the magazine before our town fiesta comes on March 19, 1937.

Affectionately yours,

Adoracion Moralit

Yours truly,

Ruth Villafria
VII-B²

Dear Adoracion,

It certainly is a pleasure to my part to hear that you are interested in "The Young Citizen." That only goes to prove that you are a studious student

I am sending you the March issue of "The Young Citizen." Let your friends read it, and I am sure, they, too, will be interested.

Sincerely yours,

Aunt Alma

Dear Ruth,

You are certainly making a good use of "The Young Citizen." Everything in the magazine is worth-while reading. Do you tell the stories before

KIKO'S ADVENTURES



THE GOLDEN IMAGE

(Continued from page 55)

of falling water.

But they kept walking toward the atom of light which Pablo had first seen; and now their passageway became light enough so that their eyes, accustomed now to the darkness, could see tolerably well, and they did not have to feel their way along. And soon they came out into a huge cavern. But the center of the top had fallen in—part of the rocky debris was still there in a pile in the center of the room. It was through this hole in the roof that the light entered.

The boys were at once interested in what they saw. The

room in which they stood was almost perfectly round, and the roof seemed to go up into a kind of a dome. The hole, which acted as a skylight, was just slightly to one side of the center, and it was small in proportion to the size of the room.

"Say, Ulan," said Pablo. He paused startled by the echoes that came back to him, and then continued in a lower tone. "This is a *great* place. If I were a pirate and had any treasure to hide, I surely would hide it in here. Do you suppose anyone ever *did* hide anything here? Let's look around thoroughly."

They started to go around the large room, looking carefully along its sides, but they

had not finished their exploration when daylight began to fade. The cave at best was only dimly lighted, so the boys had to end their search and pass the night just where it found them. Bats flew over them and out into the world above. Soon a star shone through their skylight. It seemed to connect them in a way with the outside world, and they felt cheered at sight of it.

And well they needed some cheer and comfort, for the poor boys had had nothing to eat since morning, and had had the two narrowest escapes of their lives.

(To be continued)

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The dry breeze and awful hot noons invariably remind us of the Holy Week. This season is a cause of much preparation, especially in the provinces, for it is the time that most Manila residents go home to renew associations with close relatives. It is celebrated in much the same way as Xmas—by paying homage, rounding up old acquaintances, reviving memories of the past and by "eats." But, while roasted pig (*lechón*), stuffed chicken (*relleno*), custard (*leche flan*), ham and oranges express Xmas, *suman*, ripe mango, sweet *macapuno* and *puto* signify the Resurrection, the last Sunday of the Holy Week (Domingo de Pascua).

All of us must have enjoyed the smacking sweetness of eating *suman sa ibos* with either ripe mango or sweet *macapuno*: yet—how many of us know

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilie Jacinto Elementary School.

The Young Citizen PANTRY

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

how this very common dish—*suman sa ibos* is prepared? True enough, it is such a cheap and common preparation that it can be bought in neighboring stores whenever we wish to serve it, but still won't it be worthwhile to know how to prepare such an everyday recipe as this and take pride in claiming that we prepared it? I shall then discuss how to prepare some common kinds of *suman*.

"Suman sa Ibos"

3 c. glutinous rice
1 tbsp. colored rice
1 coconut
¼ tsp. salt
ibos leaves (nipa palm leaves)

Mix the glutinous and colored rice. Sort and wash.

Extract the first milk of the coconut and dissolve the salt. Soak the washed rice in this for a few minutes. Pour by table-



spoons in tube-like *ibos* leaves prepared for the purpose. Seal with small, pointed pieces of bamboo and tie securely. Arrange nicely in a pot or kettle.

Extract the rest of the coconut milk and fill the pot with as much water as when cooking rice. Put weight on the top of the *suman* to prevent them from floating. Boil until the rice is cooked.

This *suman* lends itself to various ways of serving, namely:

1. Cover with hot ashes and serve with chocolate.
2. Soak in chocolate and serve.
3. Fry in deep, hot fat and serve with sugar.
4. Serve with ripe mango.
5. Serve with sweet *macapuno*.

"Suman sa Lihia"

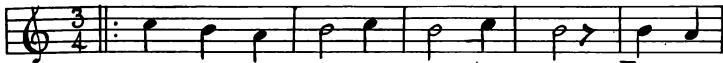
3 c. glutinous rice
¼ tsp. lye (*lihia*)
banana leaves (*butuan*)

(Please turn to page 71)



UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!

Lyric and music by I. Alfonso



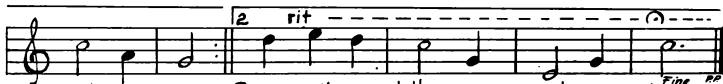
1. Fare-well to you, dear friends, fare-well. To you
2. All through the year we worked and learned. We did



who are to me so kind, My thoughts for you
our best, the hon-or's gained. At last Va-ca-



I leave be-hind, Fare-well un-till we
tion time is here,



meet a-gain. Fare-well un-till we meet a-gain.

VACATION PLANS

(Continued from page 51)

(Miss Reyes, the teacher, enters unobserved by the girls.)

Miss Reyes—Good morning, girls.

Girls—Good morning, Miss Reyes.

Miss Reyes—Forgive me, girls, for listening to your conversation. I was outside the door watching the boys in their military drill, and I couldn't help but hear your interesting talk. I'm very glad I heard everything. I admire your spirit of service and consideration in

giving up your personal enjoyment for the comfort of your mothers. That is a noble deed, girls. I'm very proud of you all.

Corazon—(In a very low voice) Not me, Miss Reyes. I'm sorry I can't give up my plan but I've to go with mother to Baguio.

Miss Reyes—It is perfectly all right in your case. Your parents need you with them in Baguio and you have to go.

Girls—We are glad to know that you are pleased with our plans of being as much service

as possible at home during vacation.

Miss Reyes—How I wish that all the school boys and girls who are big enough to be of help at home, will follow your worthy examples.

Girls—Miss Reyes, that gives us an idea. Suppose we all act as a campaign committee to induce as many classmates as possible to follow our vacation plans, won't that be better?

Miss Reyes—That's an excellent project. In the name of our patient, hard-working, loving mothers, I wish you success.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 48 and 49

GRADE ONE

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. vegetables | 3. outdoors |
| 2. milk | 4. clothes |

GRADE TWO

c	h	l
could	his	let
calling	hen	little
cluck	her	looked
called	heard	looking
chickens	here	

GRADE THREE

page	sweep
toy	swim

GRADE FOUR

1. Christmas Eve
2. January 1

3. February 14

4. December 28

5. November 15

GRADE FIVE

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1. mother | 3. laughing |
| 2. late | 4. awoke |

GRADE SIX

- | | |
|--------|----------|
| 1. she | 3. three |
| 2. had | 4. hand |

GRADE SEVEN

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1. A pupil. | 2. deep |
| He reads | He was drowned |
| He writes | |
| He sings | |
| He talks | |

THIS EARTH OF OURS

(Continued from page 58)

There are three kinds of lightning. The ordinary lightning is called "zigzag." Lightning in its quick travels from sky to earth takes the easiest path, even if it is not the shortest. So it comes down like long "z's." The second kind is called "sheet lightning." This is thought to be a reflection in the clouds within our sight of lightning too far for us to see. The third variety of lightning is not often seen. It appears to be just in the form of a ball, and then breaks into bits.

Are you afraid of lightning? If lightning enters a human body it stimulates the nerves so greatly that it is likely to cause death. The safest place during

YOUNG WRITERS

(Continued from page 66)

mother hid them when I was coming. What a funny joke they played on me. From that time on I consider my puppies my best playmates.

Remedios Karroy
VII-B²

an electric storm is in the house. If you are ever caught out of doors it would be better to lie down flat in an open field than to stay under a tree. If you are in the house during a storm don't try to telephone. Don't lean against a screen-door or place yourself near the chimney or between large pieces of metal. Above all don't worry. Lightning is very beautiful, you can enjoy looking at it.

MY NAUGHTY BROTHER

Have you any brother who is naughty? I have a naughty brother. I will describe him to you. My brother is four years old. He is strong and big for his age. His hair is brown. We call him Junior. He is so naughty that my mother always gives him some spanking every day. One day he got the can of milk and poured it into the aquarium. He got also rice and fried fish and put them into the aquarium. He said that the fish were very hungry and that they were dying. He got also the soap and put it into the aquarium. He said that the fish were very dirty. When we went to see the fish in aquarium, we found them all dead.

Elvira Sabat

CAMPING.....

(Continued from page 53)

ing their boys to camp. The Scoutmaster should know how to deal with this difficulty. Long, personal talks, explanations on camping,—its purposes and its good results,—are often helpful in these instances.

Careful planning is absolutely necessary. "Budgeting on the safe side," securing the required equipment, and above all, thorough physical examinations,—these prerequisites must be met before any troop should attempt to go to camp.

The last item especially—physical examinations—has been a sorely-neglected requirement. Very few Scoutmasters realize the vital importance of thorough physical examinations.

A recent case of a Scout having died in camp because of heart-failure is enough warning to any Scoutmaster to make him seriously consider the question of physical examinations. A mere scratch on the leg, or a sore tooth,—this may prove to be a fatal case of blood poisoning. How would you, Scoutmasters, feel if you had such a case in your troop while out in camp?

The Camping Program is the moulding of a boy's character. It is a serious undertaking, notwithstanding the fact that it is often alluded to as a program of "fun and frolic." It must have *enough* of the elements required to make it successful. *Enough*.—too much fire will burn a loaf of bread; very little fire will leave it half-baked. When a Scoutmaster

THE YOUNG CITIZEN
PANTRY*(Continued from page 68)*

Sort and wash the glutinous rice. Put in a native sieve to drain off the water. Sprinkle the lye over it and mix thoroughly.

Cut the banana leaves into the desired size. Wash, wipe and pass over the fire to evaporate some of the water and make it less brittle. Wrap the prepared glutinous rice and tie by pair. Put in a pot and cover with as much water as when cooking rice. Put weights on the top to keep them down and boil until the rice is cooked.

Remove from the wrapper. Brush the top lightly with butter and serve with *latik* or coconut meat and sugar.

hikes out to the country with his boys, he shoulders a grave responsibility. To go out thus would be to cook a certain food, or rather, to attempt to cook it. The Scout is the raw material. What he will be depends on the Scoutmaster.

The Camping Program is a well-prepared schedule of outdoor activities and fun, of an effective system of teaching the boys "how to do it." It is a well-balanced menu of boys and men, seasoned with high ideals of citizenship—self-reliance, resourcefulness, helpfulness, and loyalty,—cooked and boiled over the hearty embers of a grand and blazing camp fire kindled with comradeship and love.

(Note: For detailed information about camping, write to Philippine Council, B. S. A., P. O. Box 878, Manila, for

VACATION

At last vacation time is here. And now our school-work partly ends;

Without our books we hold so dear

We're out again to meet old friends.

Away to the fields to play the kites,

Or gather flowers by the brooks;

We know we spend the happiest life

As that we find in story-books.

Together with our playmates,
Our fishing hooks we throw

Into the quiet pond in the meadow

Where children use to go.

Then going home in the sunset
With the basket full of fish,
Mother and father are waiting
To cook our delicious dish.

When evening comes and the moon is bright,

We, children come out to play,
And after which we go to bed
and pray

For another pleasant day.

Oh, for the care-free life in vacation!

The thrills and perfect joys!
We know they'll make us
strong and healthy,

Pretty girls and winsome boys.

By A. C. Cancellor
Ligao, Albay

our pamphlet entitled MINI-MUM STANDARDS FOR BOY SCOUT CAMPS.)



The school year is soon over. During the school year my teacher has assigned many lessons for me to study. Some of these lessons I didn't like so I did not study them; some I studied well because I liked them. Now the school year is almost over; perhaps I shall be promoted, or I may remain in the same grade, or I may be demoted. I cannot now change what might happen because my daily lessons that have gone by could not be made to come back.

My teacher often tells me that my promotion to the next higher grade depends entirely upon my mastering my daily lessons. Now that the school is about to close I am a little bit afraid because I may not be promoted. Even if I study hard now it is too late to make up for lost time.

I must study my lessons every day because in so doing I make myself ready not only for the periodical examinations during the school year but also for the higher grade to which I expect to be promoted next school year. If my teacher promotes me next year my lessons would be more difficult since I did not study my lessons well this year. And what I learn now will help me understand my lessons. That is, if I learned well my daily lessons in Grade IV my lessons in Grade V would be easier to understand; if I learned my daily lessons in Grade V my work in Grade VI would be easier, and so on.

To-day I am preparing myself for what I may become when I grow to be a man.

—Dr. I. Pantasigui

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